SEX CRIMINALS
FRACTION
ZDARSKY
22: FOLLOW THE HONEY

ONCE UPON A TIME, NOT SO LONG AGO, IN SEX CRIMINALS

Jonny goes to work sellin' cocks
Told to take a hike
He's down on his luck, it's tough
So tough

Suzie works the li-brar-ray
Dates a shitty man
She moved home to stay with mom
With mom

She says, we've got to move on
Our relationship's fraught
It doesn't make a difference if we fuck good or not

We had each other, but that's not much for love

We gave it a shot

Whoa, we're two-thirds through
Whoa, issue twenty-two

Here's my hand, your balls are lookin' blue
Whoa, issue twenty-two

MATT FRACTION
CHIP ZDARSKY

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SEND YOUR THOUGHTS & PRAYERS TO EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM

image

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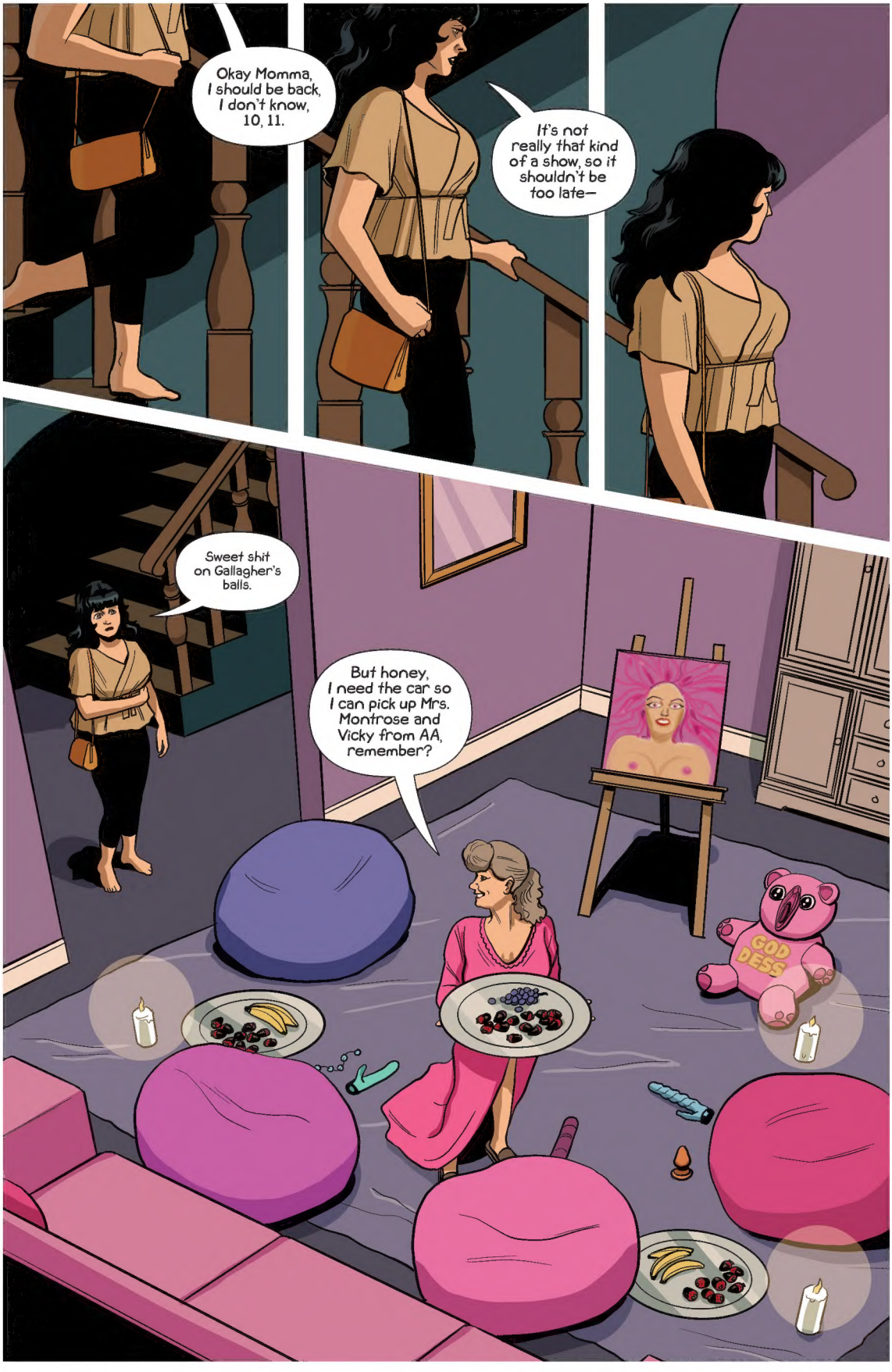
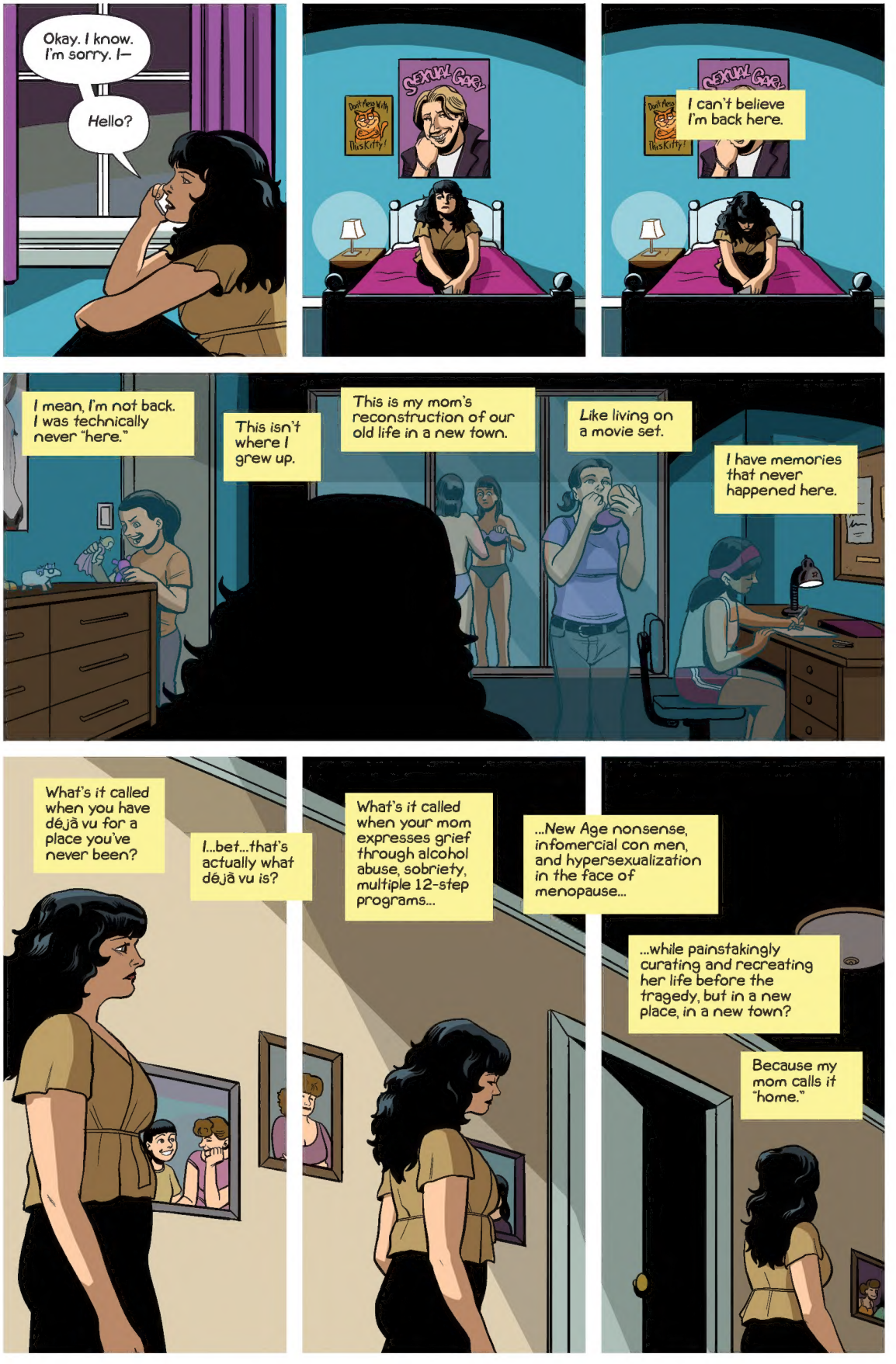
This book is dedicated to a great time, half the time


Okay Momma, I should be back, I don't know, 10, 11.
It's not really that kind of a show, so it shouldn't be too late—
Sweet shit on Gallagher's balls.
But honey, I need the car so I can pick up Mrs. Montrose and Vicky from AA, remember?
GOD DESS

It's my SplashKween™ Ejaculation Goddess Elevation workshop tonight.
We're gonna be lavender belts in squirting!
You didn't want me to teach you how to—
Nope.
Nope nope nope. Nope thank you.
YOU HAVE A VAST FEMININE RESERVOIR INSIDE OF YOU, BABY, I KNOW YOU DO!
I BELIEVE IN YOUR WOMANLY POWERS!
YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL
Fuck my life.
Fuck it in its stupid fucking eye.
NO ADULTS Allowed!

Hey, it's me.
I can't make it after all, turns out.
Are you kidding?
This is Philla Ass and the Bonos Quartet performing *Wacula* in front of a 4K restoration of the Rod Brownthing film, Suzanne.
The tickets cost sixty-nine bucks—
N CONCERT
Nice.
What?
I'll pay you back for the ticket, I feel terrible.
It's just that—two chicks, one car, it gets messy. I—
—Can't you just take a Lyft or an Uber or—
SIT-DOW
No those don't exist in this continuity.
What?
Nevermind.
Fine. Whatever. I have to go, they're flashing the lights.
I said, "nice."
What's nice, that I wasted *sixty-nine* dollars on a ticket you're not going to—
—nevermind. And I'm sorry.


Okay. I know. I'm sorry. I—
Hello?
SEXUAL GARY
Don't Mess With This Kitty!
I can't believe I'm back here.
I mean, I'm not back. I was technically never "here."
This isn't where I grew up.
This is my mom's reconstruction of our old life in a new town.
Like living on a movie set.
I have memories that never happened here.
What's it called when you have déjà vu for a place you've never been?
I...bet...that's actually what déjà vu is?
What's it called when your mom expresses grief through alcohol abuse, sobriety, multiple 12-step programs...
...New Age nonsense, infomercial con men, and hypersexualization in the face of menopause...
...while painstakingly curating and recreating her life before the tragedy, but in a new place, in a new town?
Because my mom calls it "home."

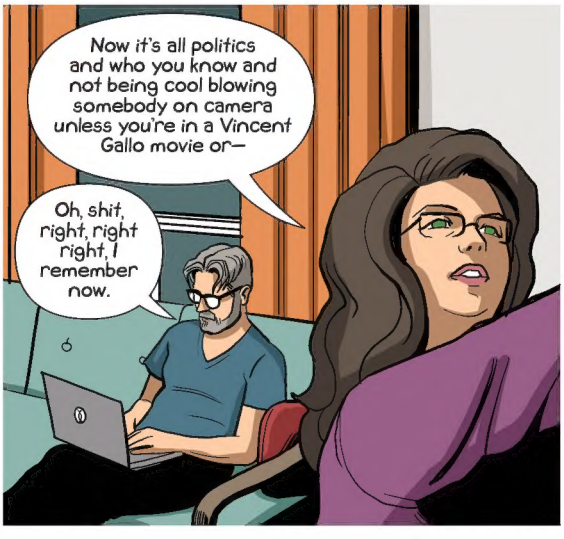
Painstakingly rendered.
Dad's study was on the other side of the hall in our real house. Uh. If that makes sense.
Otherwise, it's like she transplanted the whole room from there to here.
He'd bring work home with him. He'd need quiet. He'd—
He'd need to work.
I lose his face, the further away from him I get. It's just contours now. Ridges and shapes.
Here's where I remember him most.

Ready for bed?
Holy shit.

You won an *Oscar*?
No, I was *awarded* an *Academy Award*.
Once upon a time.
Jasmine St. Cocaine

Back when the Academy was still making interesting choices.

69
Still from BALL THE PRESIDENT'S MINGE (1996)
Director: Ballin' J. Cockula


Now it's all politics and who you know and not being cool blowing somebody on camera unless you're in a Vincent Gallo movie or—
Oh, shit, right, right right, I remember now.

Y'know, I saw that with—

—Oh?
...
You coming to bed, or what?
No, no.
That's okay. No. Got some work to do.
Great.
Okay.

Uh.
What's up?
I'm going out.
I told you this would happen.
I fucking told you this would happen.
What would—
Don't wait up.
It's...
It's not you.

tak
Oh, jeez.
LOADING.

kackackackakckack
kackckakckakackacka
kackckakckakackackac
ackackakckackckac
kackac-
Fuck, finally.
Ahh, shit. How do you do this, how do you do this.
C:\> I miss you dad.
I miss you too.
How's it going?
C:\>

BREAD LEO AND THE CARB ASSISTS
We are effed and effeder you guys.
Just super danged effed.

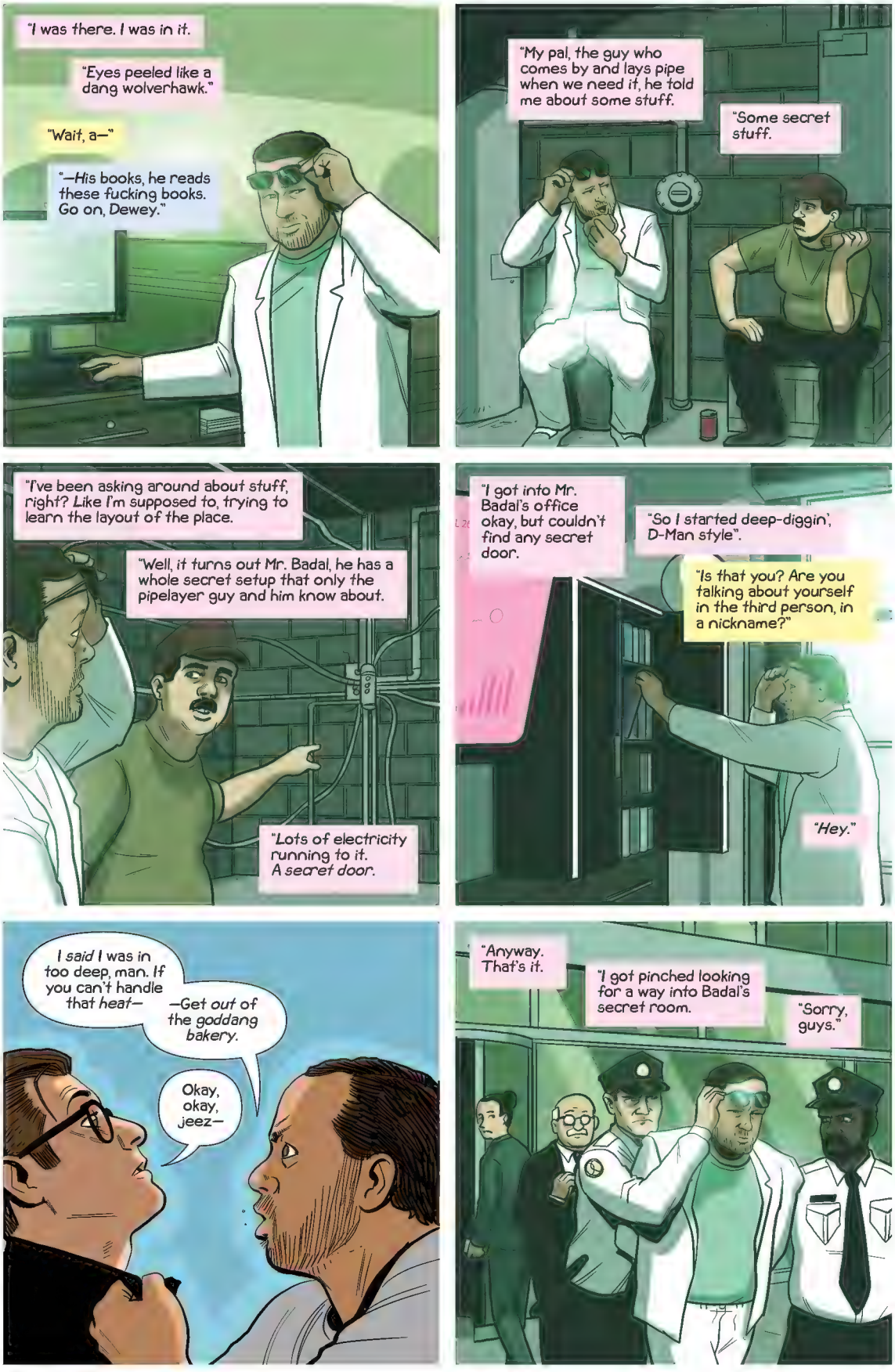
They effed us all right in the A.
Sorry guys. D'wave is out.

I... don't...
I don't know what he's talking about, do—
Dewey, what?
We don't—we don't know what you're talking about.

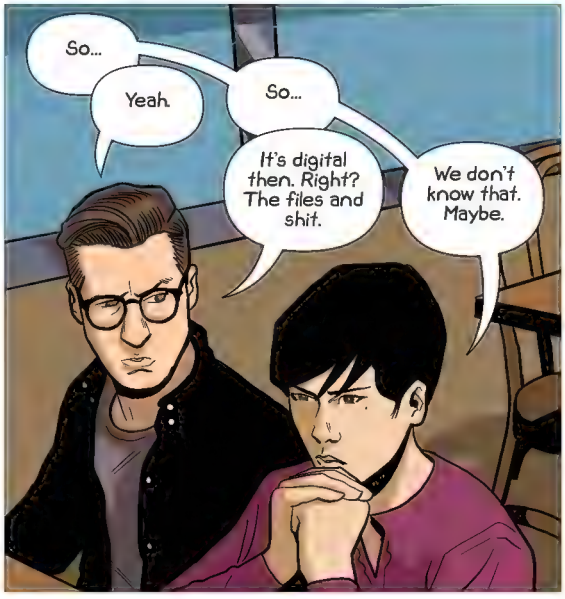
I...
I got fired.

You—
What?

I said it's OVER!


"I was there. I was in it.
"Eyes peeled like a dang wolverhawk."
"Wait, a—"
"—His books, he reads these fucking books. Go on, Dewey."
"My pal, the guy who comes by and lays pipe when we need it, he told me about some stuff.
"Some secret stuff.
"I've been asking around about stuff, right? Like I'm supposed to, trying to learn the layout of the place.
"Well, it turns out Mr. Badal, he has a whole secret setup that only the pipelayer guy and him know about.
"Lots of electricity running to it. A secret door.
"I got into Mr. Badal's office okay, but couldn't find any secret door.
"So I started deep-diggin', D-Man style".
"Is that you? Are you talking about yourself in the third person, in a nickname?"
"Hey."
I said I was in too deep, man. If you can't handle that heat—
—Get out of the goddang bakery.
Okay, okay, jeez—
"Anyway. That's it.
"I got pinched looking for a way into Badal's secret room.
"Sorry, guys."

Sorry.
Sorry.
Shit.
Shit.


So...
Yeah.
So...
It's digital then. Right? The files and shit.
We don't know that. Maybe.

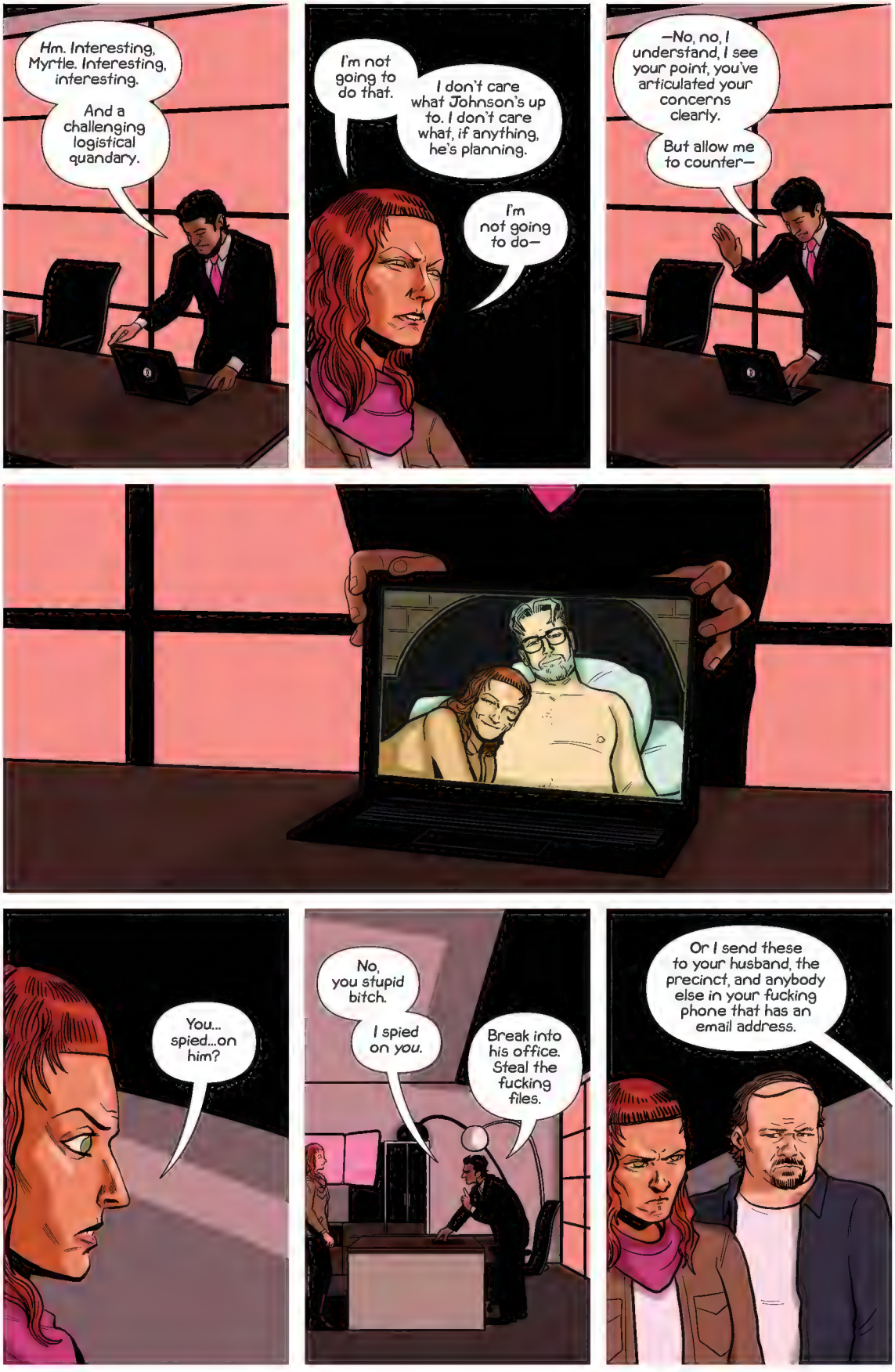
If it's digital, if we were wrong, if it's not just paper—
I don't know.
Then there could be, there could be, what, hard drives, copies, a fucking, what, a cloud—

I DON'T KNOW!
Goddammit.
Goddammit I don't know.

I never broke into a skyscraper before.
Now we gotta figure out how to burn down a fucking cloud.

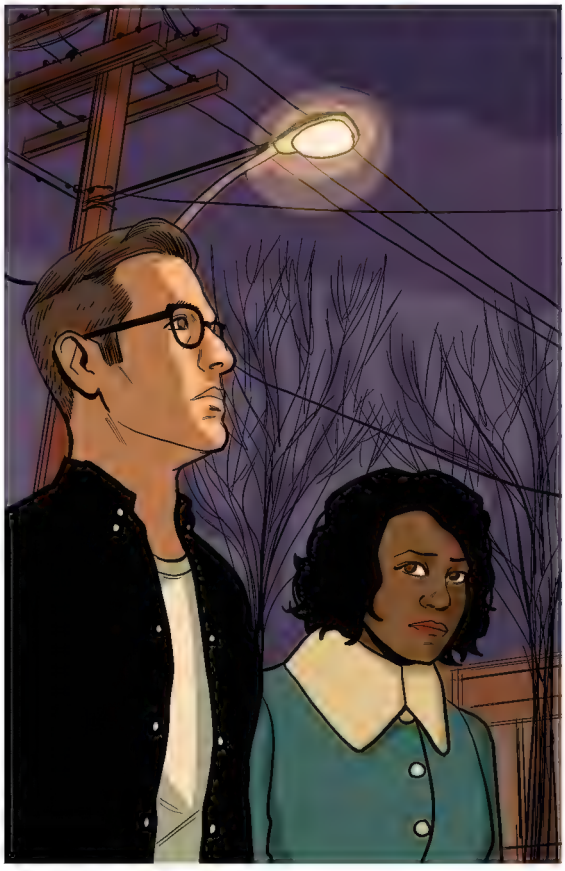
BADALCOR
I don't like it.
They conspire against me.
Us.
Mm.
The monitors are off. Things don't match.
What things don't match?
Don't worry about it. I'm saying, things are wrong. They're up to something, and we need to find out what.
Of course by "we," I mean "you."
Well, you're the one with all the answers. You tell us where to go, we go.
Tell us who to tag, we'll tag.
You squeezed the hot dog freak too hard and he fled.
The money one from out of town hasn't left, but I can't ascertain what they're playing.
The numbers don't match. Something's going on.
The boy is the key. The beau.

The entire purpose of this little coterie of ours is to stop the larger world from gaining awareness of those like us.
To prevent someone else's lack of discipline from getting us all poked and prodded like lab rats.
You think I want to be keeping tabs on these people? Collecting information and watching over them?
I'm a young man. I have things to do. A life to live.
As do we all.
Those little jerk-offs think they can steal from me without consequences.
There must be consequences.
Like what, Kuber?
They've split up and moved on.
Literally, in her case.
Go back to that beardo-fuckface friend of yours.
Dig up more papers on Jon Johnson. What he's doing, who he's doing.
I want to show the little shit no one goes to ground on me.
...
Go fuck yourself.


Hm. Interesting, Myrtle. Interesting, interesting.
And a challenging logistical quandary.
I'm not going to do that.
I don't care what Johnson's up to. I don't care what, if anything, he's planning.
I'm not going to do—
—No, no, I understand, I see your point, you've articulated your concerns clearly.
But allow me to counter—
You... spied...on him?
No, you stupid bitch.
I spied on you.
Break into his office. Steal the fucking files.
Or I send these to your husband, the precinct, and anybody else in your fucking phone that has an email address.

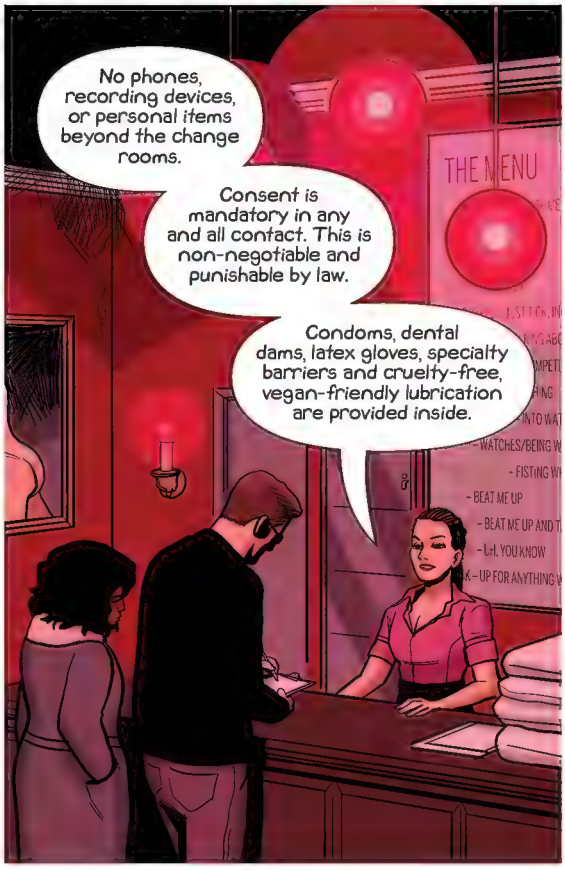
You with me, Jon?

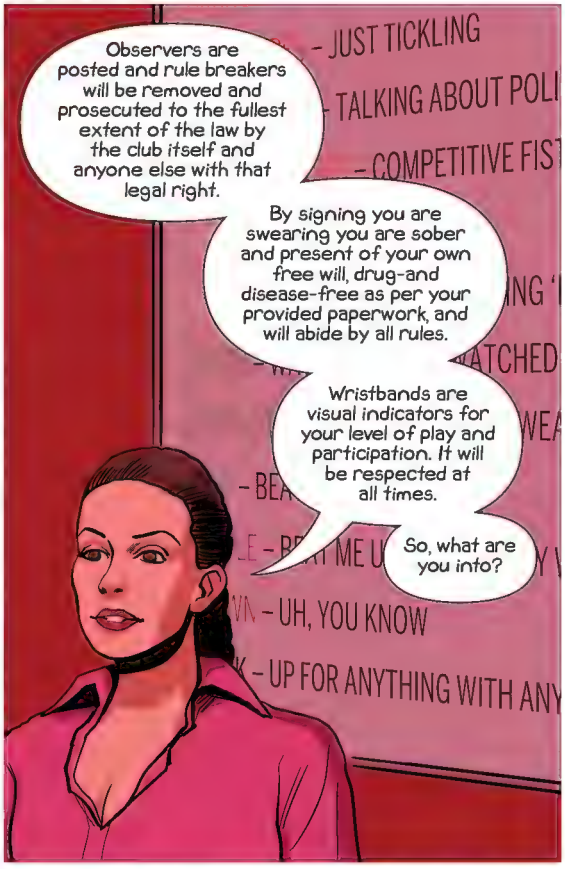
You're with me, you're still with me, you still want to go here, still want to do this?
I mean, foolin' around with people is one thing, but this is a big step, believe me.
And you wouldn't rather, like, talk about your shitty job or whatever.
We don't need to talk about feelings or anything.



Yeah, no, this is great. I've been here before.
Fuck feelings.

Did I know that? When were you here? I think we talked about that, right?
I dunno, maybe. It was, uh. I was just starting to figure stuff out, I guess.
Vape
And did you?
I guess.
I mean, I'm back, aren't I?
Hey, Polly.
Rudy. We're just gonna head up, okay?


No phones, recording devices, or personal items beyond the change rooms.
Consent is mandatory in any and all contact. This is non-negotiable and punishable by law.
Condoms, dental dams, latex gloves, specialty barriers and cruelty-free, vegan-friendly lubrication are provided inside.
THE MENU
- BEAT ME UP
- UH, YOU KNOW


Observers are posted and rule breakers will be removed and prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law by the club itself and anyone else with that legal right.
By signing you are swearing you are sober and present of your own free will, drug-and disease-free as per your provided paperwork, and will abide by all rules.
Wristbands are visual indicators for your level of play and participation. It will be respected at all times.
So, what are you into?
- JUST TICKLING
- TALKING ABOUT POLI
- COMPETITIVE FIST
- UH, YOU KNOW
- UP FOR ANYTHING WITH ANY

Black and red, please.
Well! Me too then.

See you in there?
Yeah.
See you in there.

Is this okay?
Am I still into this?
I want this.
Right?
This is what I'm into?
Yeah. Totally.
Okay.
Before was different. I was in a bad place before.
I didn't know what I wanted last time.
I thought you could erase heartbreak with sex.
I'm different now. More mature.
I know what I want.
vrpvrp
11:20
Friday, November 12
MESSAGES
That Fucking Girl
hey you
Slide for more
now

LETTER DADDIES

SEND YOUR THOUGHTS, SEXUAL QUESTIONS, AND TAINT DOODLES TO *EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM*.
YOUR TYPOS/SHAME ARE YOUR OWN AND WILL BE RUN AS RECEIVED.
ALL ASSUMED OK TO PRINT UNLESS STATED OTHERWISE.

I always wondered what would finally make me break out the venerable old "long time reader, first time writer" chestnut. Once I started reading Sex Crims, I figured it would be this book, at some point. I wasn't wrong. Turns out, the thing that made me pop my proverbial comics letter cherry was two exquisitely well-done pages on miscarriage in issue 20. I saw the first page, and I wondered. Then, working my way through the end of the book, the confirmation hit me. I read it over and over, because it's very subtle, and I thought maybe I was just reading into things because of my own experiences. (As a writer, I'm curious - what made you decide to write it the way you did - i.e. the subtlety, the lack of using the word miscarriage?)

Backstory: I've HAD the experience that you guys so perfectly laid out here on the page. The not knowing I was pregnant, the complete shock when I began bleeding at a very abnormal time. I was really young (22) and poor and fresh out of college, I didn't even know I was pregnant until I started miscarrying, because of the birth control I was on, and I had no idea how to deal with it or talk about it. I was horrified.

The partner I was with at the time was freaking out; he kept insisting that I couldn't *possibly* be going through what I was so clearly going through. And to top it all off, I wasn't okay with anything about the experience. Never mind the pain of the whole thing (which sucked, I won't lie) - what really sucked was the realization hitting me. Oh god, I just so narrowly dodged a fucking bullet. I've never wanted kids. I knew I would never have kids at like, age 12. More than a decade after this miscarriage experience, that still hasn't changed. My reaction to finding out that I was, or rather, had been pregnant was somewhat extreme, in retrospect. But it was something that I very much Did Not Want, I was flipping out, and I had nobody to talk to about the whole thing; in this, that partner was less than useless. So I just didn't talk about it. For years. Because when people bring up their miscarriage experiences, they're usually talking about babies that they wanted, that they tried for. It's kind of a strange club to be in, the "I had a miscarriage and I had no idea I was preggers until it happened and I didn't want no damn babies and I was horrified and I still don't entirely know what to think about it" club. Nobody in that club tends to talk about it, which is part of why I wanted to write this letter and talk about it. This is a thing, it happens to people!

It's a powerful experience to go through; it knocked me sideways, emotionally. It ended that relationship (albeit not immediately), because my partner did eventually want kids and thought I was basically being a monster about the whole thing. I thought he was being a fucking asshole, for not letting me feel what I was actually feeling. I went through a period of feeling like a horrible person because I had instinctively, without thought gone immediately for the abortifacient herbs the second I realized what was going on, and hastened the whole thing along. And that partner castigated me for it, basically. It took a few years to stop being ashamed of my reaction, and start talking about my experience with some of my friends. It was incredibly healing to realize that the only person who thought I was a monster was ex-asshole. (Small aside: FUCK YOUUUUU, ex asshole, for several reasons, but mostly this one.)

It did surprise me, that I was so emotionally effected by the experience. It continued to surprise me for years, and even made me do some heavy soul searching about whether I really didn't want kids. In a way, it's an experience that I'm glad I went through. It helped me learn about myself. But it was also kind of traumatic, and since miscarriage is a trauma that we REALLY don't talk about in our society, I felt alone in it, for many years. I'm happy to not feel that way now. I'm so grateful there's books like this out there that are talking about these things, and giving people room in a letters column to talk about our experiences and Be Real about shit.

So THANK YOU, for hitting the nail perfectly on the head, for giving us this hilarious, touching book where we can see ourselves. It really means the world.

Mel J. Y.

I'VE PUT OFF WRITING THIS FOR AN ENTIRE MONTH, AND NOW WE'RE ABOUT TWELVE HOURS FROM OUR PRINT DEADLINE AND HERE I AM FINALLY OPENING UP THE DOCUMENT AND STARTING TO WRITE. AND I CAN'T GET OUT OF IT BECAUSE I SAID I'D DO IT IN THE LAST LETTER COLUMN (IN FAIRNESS, I SAY I'M GOING TO DO THINGS IN THE LETTER COLUMN ALL THE TIME THAT I HAVE NO INTENTION OF DOING OR TRYING; USUALLY I FEEL LIKE IT'S GOOD FOR A LAUGH). SO THANKS, PAST-MATT, FOR LOOPERING ME INTO DOING THIS GODDAMN THING AND MAKING ME FEEL STUFF I DON'T WANT TO FEEL AND TALK ABOUT SHIT I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT. UGH, PAST-MATT. WHAT A FUCKING ASSHOLE YOU ARE.

FIRST OFF -- THANK YOU FOR SO OPENLY SHARING YOUR EXPERIENCE. IT SOUNDS LIKE SOME STRENGTH AND RESOLVE CAME FROM ENDURING THE PAIN, AND IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU CAME AWAY EVEN MORE CERTAIN OF YOUR OWN

CHOICES AND DESIRES. WELL DONE. WOULD THAT WE ALL COULD ENDURE ROUGH TIMES AND EMERGE WITH THAT KIND OF GRACE.

SECOND -- LET ME APOLOGIZE FOR CENTERING A MISCARRIAGE EXPERIENCE ON MYSELF, A DUDE. YOU ASKED SOME WHYS, THOUGH, AND TO ANSWER THEM REQUIRES THAT CONTEXT. I DON'T FEEL LIKE MY WIFE'S STORY IS MINE TO TELL AND, BESIDES, SHE'D TELL A MORE COMPLETE AND FUNNIER VERSION.

I'VE WRITTEN IN A LETTER COLUMN ONCE BEFORE ABOUT MY EXPERIENCE WITH MISCARRIAGE, BUT IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO AND THE FONT WAS VERY SMALL. IF ANYONE WHO READ THAT IS NOW READING THIS, YOU CAN FEEL FREE TO JUMP ONE COLUMN TO THE RIGHT TO THE PARAGRAPH THAT STARTS WITH "ON THE OTHER SIDE..."

MAYBE 1 IN 4 WOMEN HAVE MISCARRIAGES -- THE NUMBER MIGHT BE THAT HIGH. WE DIDN'T KNOW BEFORE IT HAPPENED TO US. IT'S IMPORTANT TO TALK ABOUT, BECAUSE LOTS OF WOMEN DON'T KNOW. AND THERE'S A SHAME THAT COVERS THE EXPERIENCE THAT KEEPS US FROM SPEAKING ABOUT IT. IT'S WHISPERED ABOUT LIKE FUCKING SLENDERMAN OR SOMETHING -- THIS THING THAT HAPPENS SO, SO FREQUENTLY AS TO MAKE YOUR HEAD SPIN.

SO THE STORY GOES:

I DON'T BELIEVE WE HAD BEEN ACTIVELY TRYING TO CONCEIVE. I THINK WE HAD "PULLED THE GOALIE" AS THEY SAY (I MIGHT BE THE ONLY PERSON THAT SAYS THAT), BUT WEREN'T TO THE CHARTS-AND-GRAPHS PART OF PLANNING AND CONCEIVING A FAMILY. THAT PART WOULD COME LATER, BUT, FOR THE TIME BEING, WE WERE JUST RAW-DOGGING IT AND SEEING WHAT HAPPENED.

WELL, I KNOCKED UP MY BOO. IN MY MEMORY, IT HAPPENED, BOOM, LIKE -- LIKE RIGHT AWAY. THIS MAY NOT BE THE CASE. BUT IT WAS OVER SHORTLY AFTER THE LITTLE STRIP ON THE PEE STICK CHANGED COLOR -- TWO, THREE WEEKS LATER MAYBE.

(WE FOUND OUT ON JUNE 15TH; SHE MISCARRIED ON JULY 4TH. SO YEAH, LIKE THREE WEEKS.)

IT WAS ONE OF THE WORST NIGHTS OF MY LIFE, AND I WAS ONLY A TOURIST.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MISCARRIAGE, A LOT OF THINGS CHANGED. THERE WAS SADNESS AND MOURNING AND SHOCK AND ALL THAT, BUT CREATIVELY I MEAN, THINGS CHANGED. MY TASTE FOR VIOLENCE AND NIHILISM DIMMED. MY TOLERANCE OF CRUELTY AS AN ENTERTAINMENT DEVICE EVAPORATED. AND I BECAME VIRULENT AND STRIDENT IN HOW MUCH I HATE CHEAP-ASS GENRE STORIES WHERE KIDS GET KILLED TO REMIND US ALL HOW BAD THE BAD GUY IS. IN THE AFTERMATH IT LOOKED EASY. IN THE AFTERMATH IT LOOKED CHEAP. IN THE AFTERMATH -- CALL A SPADE A SPADE, MATT -- IT LOOKED LIKE BAD WRITING.

I HAVE LIVED A LIFE TOUCHED BY DEATH AND DARK TIMES; THIS KIND OF LOSS WAS NEW.

THE MISCARRIAGE FELT DIFFERENT. I WONDER IF IT WAS BECAUSE IT HAPPENED TO ME, TO US, AS AN ADULT? AS ADULTS? WAS IT BECAUSE IT WAS US NOW, NOT ME? WE WERE GROWN-UPS LIVING GROWN-UP LIVES IN A HOUSE, AND WE HAD JOBS AND SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBERS AND TAXES? WE WERE TWO GROWN-UPS THAT MADE A GROWN-UP DECISION AND IT WENT SIDEWAYS? I DON'T KNOW. IT WAS DIFFERENT. IT WAS DEEPER.

MAYBE BECAUSE IT WAS A LOSS OF POTENTIAL.

I MADE A BUNCH OF RESOLVES, AND A BUNCH OF THINGS ABOUT HOW I LIVED AND WROTE CHANGED. THERE'S STILL A MOMENT IN *CASANOVA* I WISH I COULD SPECIAL EDITION THE SHIT OUT OF, BUT I'VE KEPT IT THERE ACROSS THE VARIOUS EDITIONS BECAUSE I WANT TO BE ABLE TO REMIND MYSELF HOW A BAD BIT OF WRITING LIKE THAT LANDS ON THE PAGE AND LASTS ON THE SHELF.

CHANDLER – I THINK IT WAS CHANDLER ANYWAY -- ADVISED WRITERS THAT, "WHEN IN DOUBT, BRING IN THE GUY WITH THE GUN." AN ADDENDUM TO THAT: "POINT IT AT THE KID." IT'S AN OLD SAW IN TV WRITING ROOMS: IF YOU WANT TO UP FEMALE VIEWERSHIP, PUT A KID IN DANGER. WATCH FOR IT -- ENDANGERING KIDS, KILLING KIDS, IS THE SIGN OF BEING OUT OF MOVES, OUT OF IDEAS. OUT OF DRAMA. IT'S JUST SO FUCKING CHEAP AND EASY.

SO... SO LET'S TALK ABOUT CHEAP. I DON'T MIND EASY; EASY'S A CHOICE. CHEAP IS A LACK OF THEM. CHEAP IS A VOID. CHEAP IS THE BEST YOU CAN DO. EXPLOITING SHIT

SEX TIP *In that last one "tip" meant "end" and "penis" meant "relationship" and "sensitive" meant "can be very difficult" Sharon I'm sorry I'm so sorry*

LIKE THAT IS CHEAP. THAT KIND OF LOSS -- TO MAKE A TACKY MEAL OUT OF THAT, CREATIVELY, SEEMS TO ME REPRESENTATIVE OF A CERTAIN LACK OF EMPATHY.

(NOW, HERE'S WHERE SOMEONE COULD PRODUCE, LIKE, TWENTY PIECES OF AMAZING FICTION WITH KIDS-IN-DANGER AND KIDS-GETTING-KILLED IN THE MIX -- I CAN THINK, FOR EXAMPLE, OF A STUNNING *PUNISHER* CHRISTMAS STORY JASON AARON WROTE. OR THE ODESSA STEPS SEQUENCE IN *BATTLESHIP POTEMKIN*. GORDON'S KID IN *BATMAN: YEAR ONE*. TO SAY NOTHING OF PEOPLE WRITING MEMOIRS OR SERIOUS FICTION ABOUT THE SUBJECT. THERE ARE LOTS OF EXAMPLES OF EXCEPTIONS. MY POINT IS, I CAN'T SPEAK TO, OR OF, ANY OF THOSE OTHER WRITERS, ANY OF THOSE OTHER WORKS. THIS IS ABOUT ME ME WONDERFUL ME AND MY MANY SINS AND TRANSGRESSIONS IN ALL THE GLORIOUS TRASH I WRITE.)

TO REPHRASE, THEN, I'D SAY THAT CREATIVELY, IT SEEMED I WAS LACKING IN EMPATHY. THAT'S A GROSS THING TO THINK AND FEEL, AND A HEAVY THING TO REALIZE. AND IT TOOK LOSING A BABY TO REALIZE THAT? SOMEHOW THAT JUST MAKES IT WORSE.

STUFF I WATCHED CHANGED. NOT FAST NECESSARILY, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE THE STOMACH FOR IT ANYMORE. STUFF I READ. HOW I THOUGHT ABOUT VIOLENCE. EVERYTHING CHANGED.

SO LET'S SAY: MAYBE RACH WASN'T SURE. MAYBE RACH WAS HOPING IT'D PASS. I KNOW WE DID. I KNOW WE THOUGHT IT WAS ANYTHING OTHER THAN WHAT IT WAS UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE TO DENY WHAT WAS HAPPENING. OR AT LEAST I DID; I SHOULDN'T SPEAK FOR MY WIFE. I AM ALMOST CERTAIN, THINKING BACK TO IT, THAT SHE KNEW RIGHT AWAY WHAT WAS GOING ON AND I TRIED TO DENY IT, AS IF WISHING AT THE BAD THING HARD ENOUGH COULD MAKE IT GO AWAY.

OR MAYBE: SO MUCH OF THE WORK ON THAT ISSUE, TOO, WAS REDUCTIVE; A LOT OF MY WRITING NOW IS UNWRITING AFTER ART COMES BACK FROM MY PARTNERS, OF EDITING AND PARING DOWN AND GETTING THE FUCK OUT OF THE WAY. LET'S SAY THERE WAS A CREATIVE CHOICE, TO HAVE, LIKE SO MANY OTHER BIG BEATS AT THE STORYLINE'S END, A KIND OF NARRATIVE SILENCE THAT LETS THE PICTURES TELL THE STORY.

OR EVEN: WELL, THEY'RE GOING TO TALK ABOUT IT, BUT NOT RIGHT NOW, AND THIS TIES INTO THE REASONS FOR HOW RACHELLE AND ROBERT GOT BACK TOGETHER, BUT I'M SAVING IT FOR ANOTHER TIME WHEN I CAN FOCUS ON THEM A LITTLE MORE THAN THE LAST ISSUE OF AN ARC ALLOWS, BECAUSE SO MUCH OF THE LAST TWO ISSUES WAS ABOUT THE END OF SUZIE AND JON AND I DIDN'T WANT TO LOSE FOCUS ON THEM.

OR WHAT IF: SINCE SO MUCH OF THE CONCLUSION CAME FROM SUZE AND JON SPLITTING UP, IT FELT LIKE, TO TALK ABOUT SOMETHING REAL AND SERIOUS LIKE A MISCARRIAGE WOULD'VE PULLED FOCUS AWAY FROM AN EVENT THAT COULD ARGUABLY BE CONSIDERED TRIVIAL.

BUT NONE OF THAT IS THE REAL REASON.

I THOUGHT I WOULD BLOW IT.

AND I KNEW I WAS GOING TO WRITE ABOUT IT, AND IT STILL HURTS.

AND I KNEW I WAS GOING TO WRITE ABOUT IT, AND I WAS SO AFRAID OF IT READING AS IF I WAS MAKING LIGHT OF SOMEONE THAT FELT HURT LIKE THE HURT I FELT, AND FEEL.

I WANTED YOU, THE READER, TO DO THE HEAVY LIFTING FOR ME. WHICH IS CHEAP, IN ITS WAY, FOR I LACKED THE COURAGE. BECAUSE THE FICTIVE IS BOTH SO CLUMSILY BRUTAL AND SO VERY FRAGILE.

I AM AN APE IN AN OPERATING THEATER.

I WANTED TO GLANCE AND NOT GLARE; BECAUSE IT IS HARD AND HORRIBLE, WHETHER YOU WANT A HUNDRED BABIES OR ZERO BABIES. AND WE DON'T TALK ABOUT IT, AND WHEN WE DO IT IS WITH MELODRAMA AND PANDERING, AND I THOUGHT IT WOULD PLAY AS CHEAP, ESPECIALLY IN A BOOK WITH SEMEN DEMONS AND SEXUAL-GODDAMN-GARY, LIKE SOME FUCKED-UP, SOPHOMORIC PUNCHLINE TO A JOKE I DIDN'T REALLY MAKE.

THE LAST THING I COULD EVER STAND DOING WOULD BE TO MAKE LIGHT, TO MAKE JEST, TO BELITTLE OR CHEAPEN, THE SUFFERING ANYBODY THAT'S ENDURED A THING LIKE THIS MAY FEEL.

THE OTHER REASONS ARE TRUE, TOO, BUT NONE OF THEM ARE REALLY REAL. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN? YOU'RE A

SEX TIP *Buying a new bed? Don't forget the ring of salt and holy water before "breaking it in" with your sex partner -- ghosts have definitely already fucked on it!*

WRITER. I BET YOU DO.

IF ONLY WOMEN READ OUR BOOK, I'D BET YOU ONE IN FOUR OF THEM KNEW EXACTLY WHAT WAS GOING ON. I AM SORRY THAT YOU DID, BUT I AM SO GRATEFUL FOR YOUR KIND TIME AND ATTENTION.

•

One time I got a blowie while watching "Footloose" and now whenever I hear the song I sing along but call it "Shoot Juice" in my head.
Steve M

WOW GREAT LETTER STEVE THANKS FOR SHARING Y'KNOW WHAT MAYBE LETTERS AREN'T SUCH A GREAT IDEA THIS MONTH

SEX TIP *Never bang a geology major because, believe me, there are gonna be lots of jokes about "dirty" stuff. Soil! Sediment! Loam! Ha ha, fucking hilarious, Gerry.*

SEX TIP *"Netflix and Chill" is the new "VCR and Handjob."*

Um, chum? -CZ

SEX TIP *Looking for a romantic getaway? Try Lyft or Uber and maybe a box of chocolates or flowers maybe?*

Are you ... are you okay, chum?
People, uh, really like the letters.
-CZ

SEX TIP *Looking to seal the deal with that certain sexy woman? Always remember L.L.C.G.: Ladies Love Cool Gwar tapes you got from your old roommate Bowls.*

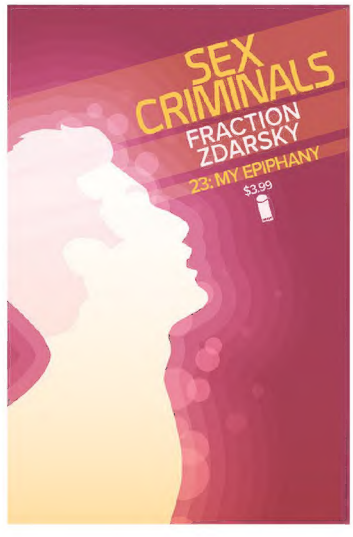
It's like, we're kind of KNOWN for them, y'know? -CZ

SEX TIP *His name was Brian but we called him "Bowls" because of all the weed he smoked.*

Sorry, I don't mean to be like this, I just think maybe we should re-think depriving people their—

NEXT ISSUE!!

LETTERS ARE BACK!!! SEND US YOUR QUESTIONS AND THOUGHTS AND WEIRD SEX DREAMS TO EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM!!!!



FOR MATURE READERS DUH

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RATED **M** / MATURE

IF YOU DON'T HAVE CRIPPLING DEBTS AND ANXIETY YOU'RE TOO YOUNG GO AWAY